

## PEN PALS

*Jenny Factor*

Right now I like you best when you are flat  
on paper, scrolled in ether messages,  
and on white sheets, ink-stained, addressed and stamped.

In humid rooms, so awkward I get cramps,  
we sip in silence, swap book-passages.  
Far better, white sheets, ink-stained, addressed, stamped

to tear open in leisure and get damp,  
on sometime-thoughts of sweet permissages  
or real world talk more intimate than flat.

Granted, you're not ambiguous. You prattle  
like a girl, "Then she...." these discourses  
come on white quartered sheets, ink-stained and stamped.

No mad provocatrix. But damn! You pack  
a punch in phrases, scrapbook images  
until, I'm sure I'd like you to be flat-

tered by the way such scribbles make romance.  
Let words do what hands do: console, caress,  
on folded sheets. Our dailiness gets stamped

to bear no risk of touch. I won't play tramp  
to loose your stiff boy 'though I'm capable  
—would probably even like it quite well—flat,  
on white sheets, undressed, ink-stained, licked like stamps.